

The Weekly Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

A NORTH CAROLINA FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE, IN THE STATE AND OUT.

THE SENTINEL
IS THE BEST
ADVERTISING MEDIUM
In the City.
BECAUSE IT HAS A LARGER
LOCAL CIRCULATION
THAN ANY OTHER PAPER.

GIVE THE SENTINEL
JOB PRINTING ROOMS
A TRIAL.
ELEGANT WORK
At Moderate Prices

EDWARD A. OLDHAM,
Editor and Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.
PER YEAR, \$1.50.

VOL. XXX. NO. 34.

WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1886.

PRICE 5 CENTS

"SHADOW" IN MAINE.

THE SENTINEL'S CAPITAL CORRESPONDENT, DOWN EAST.

He Discusses Maine Topics Including James G. Blaine and Winking Reed—Opening of the Maine Campaign.

Special Correspondence of The Sentinel.
AUGUSTA, Maine, Aug. 23.—The citizens of this State might be, and in fact, have been, called bull-headed. Nothing under the sun can convince them that the days of "Dirigo" are past. The citizens of the State of Maine, though they have only been in the Union sixty-odd years, are today laboring under the impression that their dear land is pivotal. Of course, this is all wrong; the country would "go," if Maine shouldn't "go" at all. But everybody in this State, Republican and Democrat, regards the safety of the whole United States as depending on the political prosperity of Maine. You know the little State of Ohio once had something like this on the brain; two or three Presidential candidates turned Ohio's head. There is this difference in Maine; one Presidential candidate has set her crazy. Of course, absurd notions have crept into other States, but they are, like blue blood, without bottom. Among the citizens of Maine who cling to absurd notions, there is perhaps none more tenacious than

JAMES G. BLAINE.
The unquenchable thirst James G. Blaine has for the Presidency of the United States seems to encourage at least the Republicans of Maine beyond all description. In some of the notions James G. Blaine cherishes, he wins the admiration everybody showers upon a plucky child. James G. Blaine, essentially an unfortunate man, certainly has never yet succumbed to circumstances. Aside from all political considerations, he is a man of whom the citizens of Maine may well feel proud. Here, at his home, one can pause and admire James G. Blaine as the man, not as the politician. His intellect, his presence, the man himself, is felt as soon as you approach him. One almost pities the man who has thrown most of his brains away on politics.

THE BLAINE BOOM,
though it might have risen of itself, is being carefully nourished by James G. Blaine. It is no secret that something more than the welfare of his own dear State induced James G. Blaine to doff his literary attire and buckle on the armor of politics. He is very desirous of assisting his fellow-Republicans in the present campaign. He has grown restless, and longs for the excitement of his better days. Then, too, he has watched every movement of Democrats, in and out of Congress, and is longing to criticize and condemn. Aside from any personal considerations, he may be given the credit one would give any other Republican anxious for the welfare of his party. That, on the other hand, he is playing a deep game, is scarcely a matter of opinion in the minds of those who know James G. Blaine, the politician.

WINKING REED
who has "wunk" incessantly since the adjournment of Congress, is perhaps, the ablest, active Republican in the State. He, like Blaine, is very anxious for the welfare of his party, and has undertaken a long and enormous canvass. It is noticeable that there is any coolness between James G. Blaine, and Winking Reed, but both by this time have observed one another's rivalry. As against Blaine's unfortunate record. Winking Reed, has certainly the reputation of a staunch but spotless partisan. Winking Reed, it is true, may be too loyal to the leader to usurp, or attempt to usurp the sceptre, but his friends may as they have in the past, insist in his merits. He is certainly in one of those embarrassing positions in which friends sometimes find themselves. What is more, he may wink and wink in vain.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN
will take place to-morrow. James G. Blaine, Winking Reed, Boutelle, and a host of other Maine Republicans will help to fire the first gun. It is significant that no pains will be spared to carry the State. The Republicans of Maine, between the Democrats and Fusionists have been taught several bitter lessons. But it is asserted even now that Herculean efforts on part of the Republicans will have the effect of setting an example for the foe. As regards political capital, however, the Republicans are peculiarly rich. The campaign committee at Washington has already flooded the State with garbled speeches and doctored bills. It is an easy matter for Blaine, with his audience already enlightened, to criticize and ridicule Democratic measures and men to everybody's satisfaction. Add to this his wide experience and ripe intellect, and James G. Blaine on the State stump, stands

without parallel. His participation in the canvass of other States is something to be feared, however hopeless his Presidential aspirations may be. SHADOW.

A GOOD ONE ON VANCE.

The Prank they Played on the North Carolina Senator.

Wash. Cor. Baltimore American.
Southerners enjoy pranks and jokes more than any other class of people. The Southern United States Senator can enjoy a practical joke to an extreme equal to any schoolboy, but one was played upon Senator Vance, of North Carolina, a few days ago which taxed his patience. Senator Vance is a lover of the weed, and chews from a roll of tobacco leaves which looks like

a wad of manifold paper. Usually when he is on the floor of the Senate he leaves his roll of tobacco on his desk, and very often when he is writing picks it up and bites off a quid without looking at it. He left his desk for a few moments day before yesterday, and went over to the other side of the chamber to talk to a New Englander.

A Senator who sat near the desk occupied by Mr. Vance saw the roll of natural leaf and substituted a roll of manifold paper, which, in color, form and size, greatly resembled it. Mr. Vance returned to his seat in a few minutes and resumed writing. He is a little nervous, and not very careful about his person. Shortly he was noticed to reach over his left hand, grasp the roll, and push it quickly into his mouth. His massive jaws went down upon the roll of paper with a crash, but they stuck. The Senator grew red in the face, took his eyes from his paper and let them rest upon the carpet, while a suspicious look overspread his countenance. Slowly he drew the roll from his mouth, looked at it, then turning around to see if any one saw him, dropped it quietly in the cuspidore. A faint titter arose from the seats around him, but the Senator looked hard upon his paper and continued to write.

An Experienced Editor.
From the Estelle Bell.

"Ah," said the summer tourist, leaning over the fence and addressing the farmer, "may I make bold to inquire what that great quantity of green vegetation growing over there is?" "Certainly, mister; that's corn." "Ah, thanks. And those large animals over beyond the fence, they are, er—" "Cows, my friend, every one of 'em cows. Say, you don't seem to be very well posted on these 'ere things." "Perhaps not. The fact is my business has kept me so closely confined that this is the first chance I've had to get out in the country." "Running a bank or something like that?" "No, sir, I am editor of an agricultural paper. I have held that position for thirty years."

Not an Organ Grind.
From the Wilmington Star.

We take the liberty of disapproving now and then, as all papers must that do not aspire to be organs. They always grind the tune that is given them to grind.

THE COTSWOLD SHEEP.

A BREED THAT SHOULD FLOURISH IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Prince of the Long Wool Varieties, and the Most Profitable Wool Producers Known.

Are the readers of THE SENTINEL aware of the fact that in England, the home of so many varieties of pure-bred sheep, there are three well-known distinct breeds of "Long Wools," designated as Leicester, Cotswold and Lincoln? They are hornless, and the largest class of sheep known, with white, open fleeces of long fibre, valuable for combing purposes and the manufacture of worsted goods, blankets, and other cloths requiring great length of staple in the wool. They are also a mutton sheep, taking on

flesh readily and feeding up to an enormous size of carcass, reaching in some instances, 380 pounds live weight and 250 pounds in the dressed carcass. About the first we read of the Cotswold as a breed was in the reign of Henry VI., when sixty sacks of Cotswold wool were purchased by the King of Portugal "that he might manufacture certain cloths of gold at Florence for his own use." At that period they were coarse, rangy and leggy, yet always yielding large fleeces. Upwards of a hundred years ago the breed was taken in hand by progressive men and so improved by selection and scientific crossing that to-day it may almost be regarded as a perfect sheep.

There are none of the English breeds of sheep that have become so universally disseminated in the United States—not excepting the South downs—as have the Cotswolds. They are hardy and very early in maturing, being especially fitted to cross on other sheep for raising "the early market lamb," strong in constitution, broad chested, round barreled, straight-backed, gentle and easily kept, making more mutton at an earlier age than any other breed. The wool of the Cotswold is strong and rather fine, but white and mellow, eight to ten inches in length, and averaging ten to twelve pounds for fleeces of ewes and sixteen to twenty pounds for fleeces of bucks. The striking peculiarity of the Cotswolds is in the production of a fleece which is perfectly adapted, by its length, to the manufacture of worsted stuffs, bombazines, muslin de laines, etc. This is a branch of our manufactures for which we had little material that was suitable before the introduction of the Cotswolds; and its rapid extension within the past few years clearly shows that a large and increasing demand for this kind of wool will continue at remunerative prices. Besides its uses for combing, it is extensively manufactured into blankets, carpeting and many other fabrics.

The many good qualities of the Cotswolds, especially their hardiness and adaptation to the rolling lands of the South, have made them general favorites. The ewes are very prolific, generally raising two lambs and sometimes three, whilst their freedom from disease is remarkable. Like all the long-wooled breeds, they accumulate much fat with age, and their flesh is most excellent. Another point in their favor is that the fleeces are not

gummy, and do not shrink, as do the Merinos, for a pound of Cotswold wool as it is taken from the sheep, will produce as much clean, scoured wool as two and a half pounds gummy Merino wool. Now that wool and mutton are both low in price, it becomes imperative to secure the most of each at the lowest possible cost, and to accomplish this there is no better cross to make than that of the Cotswold.

The illustration we publish herewith is an excellent picture of the prize Cotswold ram, Gloster III., 847 A. C. R., owned by T. Lovelock & Co., of Gordonsville, Va. Gloster III. was dropped in the spring of 1880; at sixteen months old he weighed 250 pounds, and on the 5th day of the following May weighed 300 pounds and sheared 21½ lbs of clean, fine glossy wool, fifteen inches long, as exhibited

at the Virginia State Fair of 1882; on the 10th of May, 1883, he clipped 18½ lbs. and the same weight of fleece on May 7th, 1884. He was exhibited in competition with some of the best show rams from Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, and was never beaten. The flock of Cotswolds owned by T. Lovelock & Co., was originated thirty years ago, numbers over eighty of the descendants of imported sheep, at the head of which is now one of the grandest imported rams which ever left England, and the firm honestly claim the finest flock of Cotswolds in the South—perhaps in the United States of America.

gummy, and do not shrink, as do the Merinos, for a pound of Cotswold wool as it is taken from the sheep, will produce as much clean, scoured wool as two and a half pounds gummy Merino wool. Now that wool and mutton are both low in price, it becomes imperative to secure the most of each at the lowest possible cost, and to accomplish this there is no better cross to make than that of the Cotswold.

The illustration we publish herewith is an excellent picture of the prize Cotswold ram, Gloster III., 847 A. C. R., owned by T. Lovelock & Co., of Gordonsville, Va. Gloster III. was dropped in the spring of 1880; at sixteen months old he weighed 250 pounds, and on the 5th day of the following May weighed 300 pounds and sheared 21½ lbs of clean, fine glossy wool, fifteen inches long, as exhibited

at the Virginia State Fair of 1882; on the 10th of May, 1883, he clipped 18½ lbs. and the same weight of fleece on May 7th, 1884. He was exhibited in competition with some of the best show rams from Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, and was never beaten. The flock of Cotswolds owned by T. Lovelock & Co., was originated thirty years ago, numbers over eighty of the descendants of imported sheep, at the head of which is now one of the grandest imported rams which ever left England, and the firm honestly claim the finest flock of Cotswolds in the South—perhaps in the United States of America.

will grow very fine tobacco. A large tobacco warehouse is now being built at Jonesboro and plans are on foot for the erection of one or more tobacco factories.

Judge Buxton is here attending court and is looking well. There is a man in jail here over 70 years of age. He was convicted of wife murder at the last term of the court in this county. He took an appeal to the Supreme Court which affirmed the decision of the lower court and he now awaits the re-sentence of this court and will no doubt hang, as there is but little if any hope that he will be pardoned or the sentence commuted by the Governor to imprisonment for life. It is indeed a sad case. The old man is already trembling on the verge of the grave and not many years can be taken away from the time allotted him.

One of the "big" things in this county is the carriage and buggy shops of Messrs. Tyson & Jones at Carthage. By their energy and push they have built up a trade which is unsurpassed by any house in the State, or perhaps in the South. They do no shoddy work and everything is warranted by them which is a sufficient guarantee to buy. We had the pleasure of visiting their shops which are large and well arranged. They use nothing but the very best material and have experienced workman which insures to their numerous patrons neat and durable vehicles. Their agents in Winston, Messrs. Brown, Rogers & Co., are selling a great many of their buggies and carriages throughout the Piedmont section.

A Railroad is soon to be built from some point on the R. & A. Air Line to Carthage. It is quite probable that Cameron will be the place designated as it is the nearest and most available point.

The Messrs. Muse Bros., who were burned out about a year ago at Cameron are now putting up a very large brick building at that town for mercantile purposes. They are clever gentlemen and have plenty of business push to insure success at whatever they may engage in.

Dr. H. Turner, who has represented

McClammy Pulls Fodder While Reing Nominated.

From the Goldsboro Argus.

From the Wilmington Review we learn that Maj. McClammy was in his corn field pulling fodder when the telegram announcing his nomination was handed him. Like Cincinnatus of old he is called from the field of honest toil to look after the rights of his people and guard their interests in the law-making halls of the nation. As the noble old Roman called from his plow handles to the Dictatorship, led the Roman hosts to victory over their enemies, so will McClammy lead the Democracy of this district to victory in November next. We have heard it said that the people want a "farmers' candidate." Well they have one indeed. The farmers of this district have in McClammy a man who is a representative of their class, and the whole have in him one who will ever be true to their interests.

Schuykill county is Not Unique in This.

From the Mahanogay City Local.

The day is fast passing for Schuykill county when anybody can be elected simply because they are on the ticket.

A Basis of Peace Found at Last.

From the San Francisco Alta.

It is time that Germany should return to the reservation and claim mileage.

Looking to the Shade Tree to Come.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Somebody should invent a thermometer that will ring a bell signaling all work to cease when the mercury touches 95.

AT MOORE COURT.

THE SENTINEL'S MAN MAKES A NOTE OR TWO.

The Extensive Carriage Works at Carthage of Messrs. Tyson & Jones—A Railroad to Cameron.

Staff Correspondence of the Sentinel.
CARTHAGE, Aug. 17.—Judge Gilmer is holding court here this week. The weather is hot and dry; the crowd in attendance is large. Carthage is situated in a cotton growing section, consequently there is but little money in circulation around here now. About the first of December if cotton sells well things may brighten up a little. The farmers have commenced raising a tobacco in this section. It is generally conceded that the soil in most parts of this county

Moore county in the Legislature several times is an old landmark here and is very popular among his neighbors. TRAVELER.

A TOBACCO CALL.

A Humorous Pen Picture of an Every Day Scene in a Tobacco Warehouse.

BY IMOGEN BARKSDALE.

For The Sentinel.

Not a leaf moved in the hot sultry atmosphere, as we wended our way into the spacious warehouse to witness a tobacco call. In vain endeavors to breathe "fresh air," eyes, mouth and nostrils were filled with dust from the crumbling tobacco, while our "sneezer" in bass, tenor and treble key, mingled with the deep cry of the auctioneer, was, to say the least—exhilarating to the "non-sneezers." In a short while we recovered sufficiently to take in the scene and more dust.

Down the long length of floor, pile after pile of the "golden leaf," greeted the eye; in the midst of this goodly array of tobacco stood the "bright particular star" of the occasion—the good natured Auctioneer, who capped his kid-gloved hands after the most approved "high tragedy" manner and in the purest and most unintelligible dog latin, endeavored to persuade the buyers that never since Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the "fragrant weed" had there been marketed such tobacco, while large drops of perspiration trickled down his expansive forehead over his rose-hued nose and fell silently to the floor. Crowding around him in glorious confusion were the many buyers—tall men, low men, fat men, lean men, pompous men, meek men, dudes and sensible men—elbowed each other and each man held aloft a leaf of tobacco and "sniffed" suspiciously at the unoffending leaf, while we gathered from the expression of the "sniffer" that there was something "rotten in Denmark."

Regardless of the "eternal fitness of things" the weary pinhooker sniffed with the fat and sleek manufacturer and gazed with a far-away dreamy expression into the eyes of his fellow "sniffer" and wondered if he would buy that pile of tobacco that he had so skillfully "sniffed" the day before. Standing about in little groups were jovial farmers, who cared not that the aesthetic taste of the various dudes was offended at their home-grown suits and heavy boots, but laughed long and loud at a resurrected joke that had evidently not "made its quietus with a bare bodkin," but had come forth to be laughed at with greater gusto than in its primitive freshness. The dust grows thicker; the sneezes faster; the auctioneer's voice swells the echoes and with one last lingering glance we take in the scene, that "last lingering glance" takes in a solitary dude, from "Dudedones—a dude from the crown of his stove pipe hat to the tips of his tooth-pick shoes, he is surveying this "mundane sphere," and the tobacco contained therein with great satisfaction, his tooth-pick shoes are extended out into space; he is feebly holding a leaf of tobacco which he is endeavoring to raise to his nose; a nose "pure Greek" and tinted with "rich carmine." As the picture of that dude fearlessly baffling with that leaf of tobacco becomes indelibly engraved on our memory, we regretfully leave the warehouse and murmur softly in the language of the immortal Shakespeare, "We are all of such stuff as tobacco is made of."

Charlotte County, Va.

The Politician on Farming.

From the Rockingham Rocket.

The editor is in attendance at the farmers' meeting to-day, near Mr. J. M. Hines'. He is an extensive farmer, after the manner of the country-loving politician, but we hope he is somewhat better posted than a political friend whom we call to mind and who while running for office in an adjoining county, attended an agricultural fair. He was called on for a speech, and being prepared for the emergency responded. When near the point of his peroration, he was interrupted by a seely granger with the query: "Mr. Blank, what's your experience with ensilage?" "Ensilage!" said the speaker, badly disconcerted, "why, my friend it's the best fertilizer I ever used!" It is needless to say the balance of his speech was drowned by the yells of the crowd.

"Friend of the Farmer."

From the Goldsboro Argus.

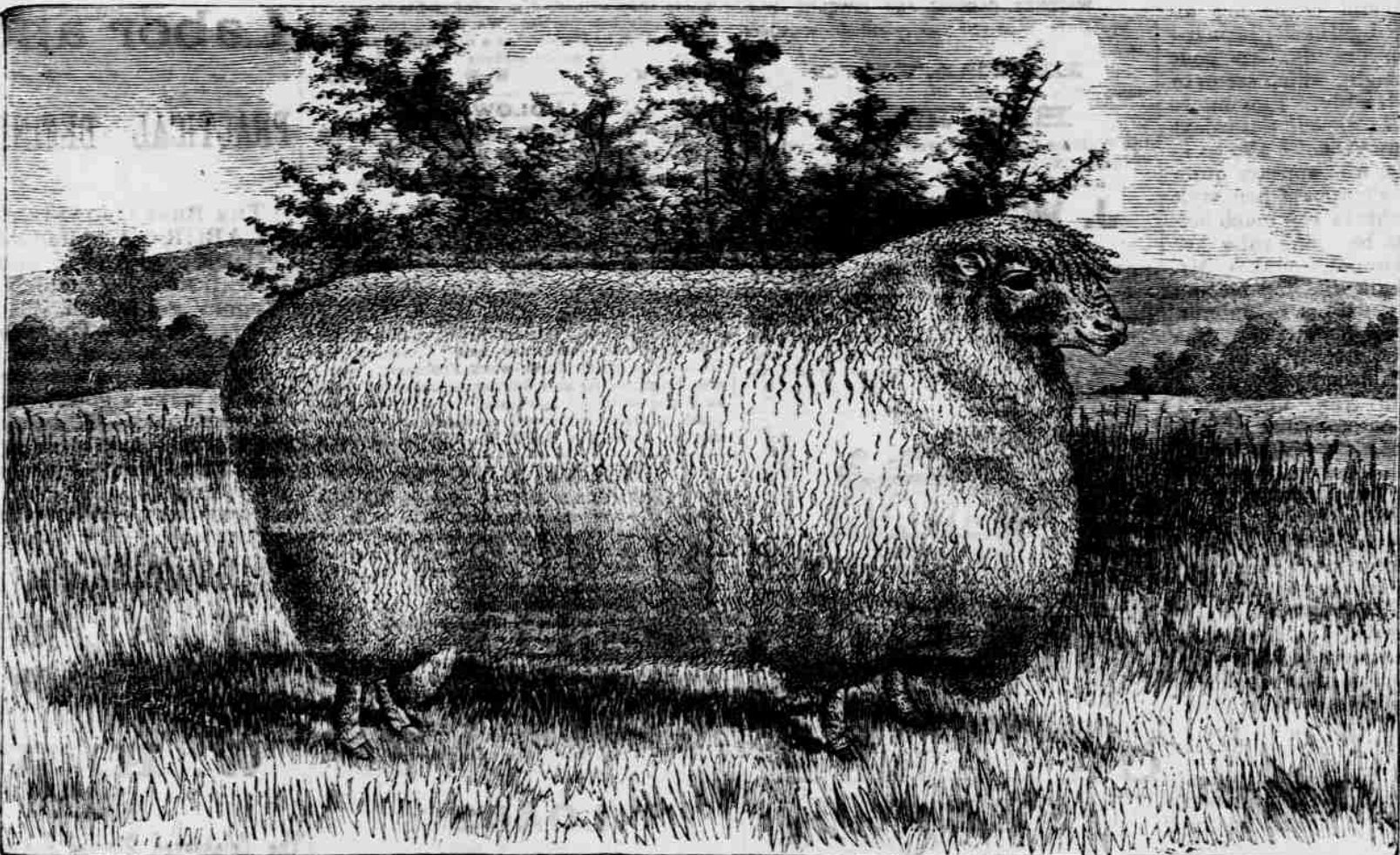
In this week's issue of the Winston Sentinel, Brother Oldham comes to the rescue of the good sense of the farmers from the insults that are offered to their intelligence by leading politicians in behalf of the corrupt and very Democratic and very true to the interests of the South—the whole people of the South—in his article.

"Friend of the Farmer."

From the Goldsboro Argus.

In this week's issue of the Winston Sentinel, Brother Oldham comes to the rescue of the good sense of the farmers from the insults that are offered to their intelligence by leading politicians in behalf of the corrupt and very Democratic and very true to the interests of the South—the whole people of the South—in his article.

In this week's issue of the Winston Sentinel, Brother Oldham comes to the rescue of the good sense of the farmers from the insults that are offered to their intelligence by leading politicians in behalf of the corrupt and very Democratic and very true to the interests of the South—the whole people of the South—in his article.



COTSWOLD RAM, GLOSTER III., 847 A. C. R., OWNED BY T. LOVELOCK & CO., GORDONSVILLE, VA.